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Malcolm Moody,

Brattleboro, Nov. 1st, 1872.

who wish to take Gas or Ether.

FINE MIDDLINGS.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a

You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball. Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more did I say? Stay one moment; you've heard Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the

Down at Springfield? What, No? Come-that's bad, why he had All the Jerseys affame! And they gave him the Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their For he leved the Lord God-and he hated King

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their

At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her Sat alone in the house. How it happened non But God-and that one of the hireling crew Who fired the shot! Enough!-there she lay

And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away ! Did he preach-did he pray? Think of him as you By the old church to-day; think of him and that

band Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the Of the reckless advance-of that strangling re-Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your

Why, just what he did! They were left in the Broke the door, stripped the pows, and dashed out

With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down At their feet! Then above all the shouting and Rang his voice-Put "Watts into 'em-Boys, give 'em Watts!"

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow

Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago. You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball— But not always a hero like this—and that's all. (BRET HARTS, in N. Y. Tribune.

The Leisure Hour.

GENERAL SUPERVISION A STORY FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

'My dear I wish you would try and have MAINS TREET, HRATTLEBORD general supervision over things; a real thorough housekeeper knows what is going on all over her bouse, from garret to cellar, LIQUID NITROUS OXIDE GAS, dropped two or three potatoes on the cellar floor, I wish you would tell her to be FOR THE EXTRACTION OF TEETH WITHOUT PAIN. THE great advantage of Gas in this form is that it is ly want you to see that they are done,' Mr. Littlesole walks dignifiedly through DR. PETTEE'S LONG EXPERIENCE the hall, and seeing one of the children's whole garret and cellar, tried to pull up the use of anasthetics will give confidence to all All operations in Dentistry done in behied the door every time I took it off. I undone to worry about. When I found her ESTEY, FROST & CO., was opposed to your buying those shakers | this afternoon she must have been dead an in the first place; I knew I would find them all over the yard. Don't you think that if anybody would come and stay here VALLEY MILLLS. two or three weeks, they'd say that these children were the most eareless children they ever saw?" CORN MEAL IN ANY QUANTITY AL

'Not quite so bad as that, my dear,' said Mrs. Littlesole; 'I know they are very careless; but I can't say I think they are the most careless children in the world." 'I never can get you to agree with me,' said Mr. Littlesole; 'you oppose everything I say. I wish you would agree with me for once. I should feel so much encouraged, and we might have things better. SALT, OF ALL GRADES, BY THE I don't expect to make a good housekeeper out of you. I gave up trying that long ago; but I want my calldren brought up to good habits,' Mr. Littlesole walks out of the gate, looks over the fence, and comes back again, 'Mary,' he says, 'I wish you would try and see that John gets the weeds

out of that garden. It looks shamefully." 'You have told John,' said Mrs. Little sole, 'to draw manure, hoe the corn, weed the onions, plant potatoes, tie up the grape vines, trim the raspberries, wash the carriage, and plow the rve field. I heard you say all these things must be immediately done, besides cutting all the grass on the hwn-and one pair of hands can't do everything. John grumbles now he has so I can't get him a minute to do anything in

'Well! well. I know you've a way of getting around everything. If I was at home all the time as you are, I wouldn't have the garden look like that. I wish you would have a general supervision over tiilnes.

Mrs. Littlesole said nothing; only asked Mr. Littlesole if he would not send home some potatoes; the potatoes were gone. 'P tatoes out again,' said Mr. Littlesole, 'Can't you manage to make them last longer? That reminds me of one thing I want to speak of. I was sick all day yesterday, I had such a miserable breakfast. I wish you'd see that Bridget has a little more variety; there are twenty different ways of cooking potatoes,

'Yes, my dear, I know; but just now we bave no cream or milk, and little butter in the house, and it is not so easy to fix them in those twenty different ways."

'Well! well! I know,' said Mr. Littlesole, 'If I had your resources, just the very things you have here, I could get up splendid meals. But I wish you would see that the cows have some salt to-day, and and the hons some ovster shells, and the pigs some butter-milk ; let Charlie's shoulders be washed with salt and water, and just watch John a little; see that he does a good day's work; but good morning my

Mr. Littlesole goes out of the gate again, and seeing one of the binges loose, he says it does beat the old Harry to see how things are going! There's nobody to see to anying in this house but myself."

Mrs. Littlesole has been awake all night aches so that she can hardly keep from srange that nobody but he ever thought of Republican. these three nights with face ache. Now it

grouning aloud; but she has more than saving anything, he said, impatiently, as enough to do to day, to keep three pairs of he look from its case and lighted one of his ever, and there's a bright flush on each smoked that day. He preached to Bridget. check, as she iles the little shaker o ce who was washing in the kitchen, about tak-more on the little fair head as the bright ling in the clothes lines and saving soap. eyes look up so lovingly into hers. Up stairs by an open window, sits Mis Sharp filled her tub with hot water from the boilmy husband. With my big nose, hamely the house up, and scrub it down, and scrub | oil bottle. it around, and scour every stone in the nail in the barn, and if he come home at hall carpet that the wind bas just blown in he'll preach a sermon about order and system, and things going to destruction, If he sees a cobweb on the roof of the barn, or a solitary weed in the cabbage patch, he'll talk an hour about general supervision. I wish I could supervise him! And those shakers-I'd like to know who can keep track of them? You'd want a body of police on purpose. These children are all over in a minute, chasing the ducks in the water, chasing the chickens into the barn, hunting up the kittens in the garret, making mud pies in the road, see-sawing on the gate--it is a wonder to see how anybody ever knows where those shakers are, Dear little tormenting witches! Their shakers never keep hung up until their sunny heads are in their coffins. That man will grumble until he dies. Even if everybody in the house runs their heads off for him, be'll think he's dreadfully abused. If he gets into heaven through some back door, And what could you -what should you, what would he won't be contented unless he can find some dust on an angel's robe, or some speck on a scraph's wing. There's that wife of his has a kind word for everybody. She'd make everybody on the place happy, if he didn't work her to death. She has a millon times his heart, twice his common sense, and as much brain as be has. What on earth's the reason you good-for-nothing, silly women get such splendid husbands, while some noble hearted woman will be tied to a fussy, fidgetty, Littlesole of a man, for whom nothing and nobody ever is right. They want a new earth, and I guess they'll have to have a new heaven fixed up on

> any good men, that that sweet woman down stairs could not have had one. Oh! if her husband only knew what a willing, noble hearted woman be married!" When Mr. Littlesole came home that night the gate hinge was as bad ever, the weeds were in the garden still, the hill

> > kers were on the front stoop.

purpose for them. It's a pity if there are

was full of rose leaves, and three little sha-

Mr. Littlesole almost boiled over with insulted indignation; be met Miss Sharp at the open library door, and he said quickly and impatiently, 'Where's my wife?' 'Come in here,' Miss Sharp said, 'sha lo here;' and he followed her through the library into the bedroom, where on the bed noticed this morning that Bridget had lay his wife, pale, cold, and heantiful; beside her was a physician. 'Your wife is gone, sir,' he said; she must have had a semore careful. You go in some houses and | vere nervous shock. It was some trouble the cellar is as clean as the parlor. I don't of the heart, it seems now; I shouldn't want you to do these things yourself, I on- think it could have been of long standing." 'She worked too hard,' sobbed out Miss shakers lying on the back plazza, he walks those big weeds in the garden, and she's back again, more dignifiedly still, and worried herself these six months about evsays in a grieved, injured tone, 'I think ery hole and corner in these forty acrethese children are old enough now to be In the city her friends and flowers, music taught to bang up their bonnets; when I and children took her time; but here there was a little boy, three years old, I wore a | was everything to be done; and she always, bonnet, and I had to hang it upon a nail the best she could do, had something lef

> hour, and I'm glad she's at rest." said she was an angel, and oh! how he happy. He knew that in the world there was no such patient, loving wife as she had wake up and kiss them again, would never find such another tender, gentle mother, He covered her coffin with flowers. He erected over her one of the handsomest monuments in Greenwood, sacred to the nemory of Mary the beloved wife of John Littlesole; around it he planted roses,

heart's case, and forget-me-not. 'What a pity,' said Miss Sharp, her tears falling like rain on the new made grave of her best earthly friend-'what a pity that man couldn't have planted a few flowers

in that lovely woman's living path !" Mr. Littlesole didn't break his heart; such men never do: they're only made, Miss Sharp says, on purpose to break other people's.

One year ofter, he met at Saratoga, Miss Fanny Bergamen. She was Judge Bergamen's young, handsome and only daugh-Mr. Littlesole could make himself agreeable to strangers with his fine face much to do, he don't know what to do first, and figure. He won and married Fanny six months after he saw ber.

Fanny had never received a fault finding ord from any one. All her life she had had kind and polite attention from all around ber.

It had never been her lack to yield to a sear or wait upon the whims of others. She had been married a year to Mr. Littiesole. He had really been kind and careful of her feelings and testes. One night he told her he would stay at

home the next day.

'My husband will be at home all day,' thought Mrs. Littlesole. 'Pil play for him that new music I've learned; show him how those flower seeds I've planted are coming up; and he'll help me train up those wisterias, and in the afternoon we'll ride out to Mr. Jardine's place, and select ome of those hemlocks for a hedge. I am glad he is going to be home. I'll have him all day to myself,' And she had enough of him that day-the old fit was on him; he supervised everything, he called her up garret to point out neglected cobwebs and down cellar to exhibit to her an unswept coal hin, took her into the library to see a picture that was hung crooked, and an old dictionary on the top shelf undusted. He pointed in hall and bed-room, corners that ought to be swept, brought in from the barn for her especial inspection an old, rusty, leaky tin pan, bought ten years ago at second hand, and used every day since by all the Thomases, Richards and Harrys who had ever worked on the place; she ought to have had it scoured up and mendea long ago. He might pay out and pay out, and go to the poor house at last with such management. He wished she would have a general supervision of things. "Twas

hands busy. Her heart beats faster than twenty-five cent clears, the fourth he had

sewing. She hears Mr. Littlesole's re- er. She managed to give it an occasional marks, because he always talks so loud tip, over it went, both suds and all over among the "mountain men" to learn what that everybody around can bear him; and blanew pants and bright boots. 'Pm so it is to be a Switzer. It makes one shudshe says, 'Well, I am glad that man ain't sorry, sir, she said, 'but it's a puty for the der to think of these men, women and chillikes of you to come into the kitchen,' Mr. my seissors and thimble, and nobody to bour to repair damages. If the truth be tains, amid snow and ice, and far away supervise me but Susan Sharp, I'm better fold, his right foot was scalded a little. He from human aid and sympathy. How they off than that poor woman down stairs, with | didn't say anything about it; but he was | manage to live is indeed a puzz'e. There

bonor her husband with a shower of tears, night and finds some rose leaves on the mor sit meekly down in hopeless resignafirst, to try to make his fordship satisfied. cars and went to the store. She moved her susband's desk from one corper to another; old fashioned hats for country trade; took down a new coal stove and put up an old Bichanan; she made all possible changes box es.

> she had long despaired making a good storekeeper of him; she had spent a few hours

lessle's purse or pride, could influence woulded masculine prerogative-how he subserve a variety of purposes in housecould meet and greet his durling wife. But | hold officies; the ploughs, seythes, rakes, she was not at home; she had left word | forks, etc., were massive, and of plain finthat she had gone to spend a day at her fa- ish. The exhibition was very interesting

On the table in his room he found a let- dwellers among the mountains, gamen. John had forgotten to hand it to of great privation, but he is surrounded by him, and it had just emerged from John's perils; he is in constant danger of being old overcost pocket, where it had lain three overwhelmed by avalanches, drowned by days; it informed him of his nomination | foods, or blown away by tempests. A slide was sure.

Judge Bergamen's influence. On bla wife's return be was wise enough from motives of woman's pride never said alluded to it to her bushood.

garrets, or the tin pans in the kitchen .-

Ludia M. Millard. SAD END OF A FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC. -The Fourth of July will long be remembered in the village of Dartford, Wis., with feelings of the keenest sorrow. A plenic Mr. Littlesole kissed her over and over, by the Good Templars was to have been held on the banks of Green lake about four wished her back. He knew that almost miles from Dariford, on the opposite shore every hour of her life and thought of her of the lake. A party of 30 or 40 persons, beart she had spent in trying to make him | men, women and children, left Dartford on the morning of the Fourth, to attend. The yacht H. B. Harshaw, recently from Oshbeen to him. He knew that those little | kosh, took on bourd 24 persons. The saildarlings crying by her side for mamma to boat Ripon Girl took on a large number. and several row-boats also started out, heavily loaded. About 10:30 o'clock, when the boats had reached the middle of the lake, the storm, which had been gathering for several hours, suddenly broke with tempestuous fary, blowing for a few min-ntes a perfect hurricane. The yaent Har-shaw, so heavily loaded, swamped and fill-ed with waler, and the other boat capedad. The row-boats were either swamped or cap-sized, and, in an instant, 30 or 40 persons were floundering in the water half a mile were floundering in the water, half a mile from shore. The little steamer Rustic Belle, which plies upon the lake, left the landing at Cullen's point, and when struck by the storm was driven back on shore, losing her flag staff and part of her smoketack. As soon as she could get off, she proceeded at once to the scene of the wreek, and succeeded in picking up a large number. The scene is said to have been one of indescribable terror. Little children were seen hanging to the upturned boats; mothers grasping their children and imploring assistance, and others were seen to sink and rise no more. The storm of wind was succeeded by a drenching rain, which for more than an hour filled the air with one continuous sheet of falling water. The utinnous sheet of falling water. The ple, nearly a thousand in number, people, nearly a incusand in number, who had come to attend the plenic, gathered at the hotel at Cullen's point, and as soon as possible did all in their power to succor the unfortunates. The steamer succeeded in reseming a large number, and many were picked up in a semi-unconscious condi-tion by row beats. It was found that at least ten persons had been drowned, and one or two others are missing. Green lake is about four miles wide and eight or nine

> A FATAL PRESCRIPTION.—The evil ofen produced by the injudicious prescription of intoxicating liquors for the became a sober and industrious man, and was given the position of floor-walker and them what a man he had made of himself. So eloquently dd he urge the temperence cause at his old home in Scotland, that his family abandoned the habit of placing wines on the dining table. This gentleman started a few weeks ago to return to this city, and was taken sick on the home voyage. His physician prescribed some kind of liquor, the taste brought back the old appetite, and he has been beastly drunk much of the time since. He is now in this city, but entirely unfit for business, and his friends in their despair talk of taking him to an inchriate asylum.—Springfield

THE SWITZER AT HOME.

The Swiss people, and the country they occupy, have furnished topics of interest for many years, and yet there remains much to be said, not generally known. Geneva is not Switzerland, although or Switzerland: neither is Lucerne, or Fribourg, or Berne, or Basle; one must go dren living through the long, cold winters old face and no property in the world but Littlesole had enough to do for half an upon the cliffs and rocks of the steep mounher rich fussy bushand. She may serab seen hunting up 1, a great hurry the sweet is no country in the civilized world, unless their extent and populousness. The Swiss It be in northern Norway, Sweeden, or Mrs. Littlesole said not a word at the Russia, where the struggle for existence is yard, every picket in the fence, and every rough raid Into her territory. She, did not | more severe and discouraging than in this little republic in the heart of Europe. Said owned in common. They make their laws West," and the only tools used to build the an intelligent Switzer to a traveller, "We without much regard to cantonal ensetan, nor resolve to work that day with are a race apart! The earth on which we ments, or the more dignified legislative heart and soul, like Mrs. Littlesole, the build and plant is not a stretch of vineyards, acts which come from Berne. The comorchards, cornfields, or pastures, dropping munal assembly which convenes annually, He went the next morning to Brooklyn | towards the see, with hardly any break or | to elect a council and mayor, is composed on business, and she dressed herself in her | waste; we dwell among crags and clouds. | of the whole body of members, and resembusiness suit, as she called it, and took the | Our flats are mostly water and our slopes | bles in its character and functions our are mostly ice. Your plains lie basking "town meeting." The women cannot vote, in the summer, while our hights are swept only the citizens whose names are inscribsurptied some drawers and filled up others; by storms. Your river-beds are loam, our ed in a register kept by the clerk. One sold articles at her own price; bought and | river beds me grit. You dreamers by the | man is as good as another and has the had hung up on a large string a hundred | water-side have but to wait on Nature, same rights; the woodmen, goatherds, while we watchers by the mountain side | weavers, carvers, all meet on common must take her gifts by force." And it re- ground, and no thought is given to birth, wood one; dismissed one of the best elerks | quires force, perseverance, skill, to extort | rank, or vocation. They choose a mayor and got a new porter; took down a portrait | from Nature any favors, on these precip- and four chilzens, who constitute the coun-I Lincoln and put in its place a portrait of | Hous rocks, and among these dark ravines, | ell, and they are the sole authorities of the During the last summer, while at Interin tables, bundles, drawers, papers and laken, we visited the Swiss Industrial Ex- may be kept in office six. No man is free hibition, then open, and it afforded us a to serve or not as suits his mood; if the She wrote a note to Mr. Littlesole, saying | fine opportunity to learn regarding the | effizens select a man be must serve; this is

could best assert his injured dignity and sils were of fixed form, and designed to to strangers, and highly creditable to the for dated three days back, from Judge Bers The Switzer at home not only leads a life

to Congress, and added that his election of snow is terrible, but a flood of rain may try men's natures on these heights, more The nomination was obtained through sternly than moving snow. Such floods of rain as sometimes drench these Alpine slopes may sweep a hundred miles of valto act as if nothing had happened; and she, ley have of house and tree. Unex ectedly n some summer afternoon there comes a anything about it to her father, and sever | flash-a roll of thunder- then rain drops patter on the rocks; soon descending from She tried to think it was a temporary fit the Furca, the Thierberge, the Tiefen glacof insanity that had led him to set so un- lers, there rolls a wave more furl as than which surround them are not calculated those of mid ocean. The waters lean total Mr. Littlesole went to Congress and there | the roads, and extend over the intervals, made use of whatever executive ability be and the coar of the terrible flood is relood had. I have not heard of his trying to from erag to cliff, from the have mountain waste it any more on the cobwebs in the rock to the forest pines ellinging to the treacherous debris of the sleeping valley, A few years ago such a flood descended into the level fle'ds where reposes the little village of Hospeuthal, and gathering fury at every rod of its advance, it tore up the soil of the plains, destroyed the roads and water works at Andermatt, roured past Tenfelstein, and smote the strong town of Amster. At this place the Karstelen drops into the river Reuss .- a blow, the dyke gives way, the waters surge into gardens, suck through the walls, and wash out herbs and fruit trees, with the soil in which they grow. One house begins to float, soon another and another, and amid the roar of falling rain, hurrying floods, crashing forests, parting roofs, and groaning timbers the unpitying flood dashes the entire village down into the lake. What happened here in this valley, often occurs throughout the entire Alpine region, and thus the life of the poor Swiss peasant is one of constant apprehen sion; and the brightest supplies and the stillest atmosphere affords no positive sense of security. These silent rustles, notwithstanding, are merry on their lofty perches, and contrive to coax from the ungrateful soil some golden sheaves. The shoots are never high, the cars are never full; but when the air grows cold in autumo, they cut the stalks and tie them up on frames of wood to dry, Grain seldo ripeus in the field in many of the Swiss valleys. To obtain a farm or garden spot it must be made. A patch of ground is chosen with a southern face; a troop of boys and girls pick it clear of stones; a bank of logs and scrub is made to wall it up, and when the seed is sown, a wall of stone is constructed along its upper margin slautwise, to turn all floods of rain and rolling earth and stones aside. And for all the size of the Kohl-noor, or "Mountain of Light," (now in the possession of the slautwise, to turn all floods of rain and this labor and care, how scanty are the crop reinras! You ask the weather-browned man who patiently trudges by the side of your horse, holding him mechanically by the bridle, as you clamber over the dizzy cliffs and along the edges of fearful preciices. "Why don't you quit this dreary

miles long. It is remantically situated among a lot of low hills, and its waters have a dark appearance, which gives it the name. Its depth varies from a few feet to sixty and seventy feet. Unfortunately the accident occurred in the deepest place. The greatest sorrow and depression pervades

Home! Yes, here is the secret. Well is the secret. it for the world, that men are unwilling to believe there is a better land than that in which they are born; it is home. Take a Switzer away from his mountains of rock and lee, to a land of calm and sonshine patients, has recently been forcibly illus- and for him it has no charms. The stat trated in this city. A man who three years | wart men who hire themselves as mercen ago was a confirmed drunkard, owing to a | aries to his Holiness the Pope, and live in strong influence which was brought to idleness under the genial sun of Italy, are bear upon him, abandoned his old habits, restless and homesick. They rush back to the mountains as soon as their contracts end. They cast off with a feeling of relief general superintendent in one of the largest dry goods houses in this city. Three months ago be left to visit his friends in Scotland, and (as be expressed it) to show them what a man he had made of himself. coarse faorie of sober brown, such as were begins the search for food and fuel, and the hardy adventurer gains some ledge and cans it with his but and fence. The scrub is burned, the oozy ground is drained, and soon the little patch of wheat, or oats, or barley shoots from the soil, and is gather ed before it is ripe, by the troop of brown children which have grown up with the but, simultaneously with the plants without. Here is the Switzer's home, unsheltered and lonely on the rock. But per-

turer follows where he led; his trall is

worn into a track; and the traveller as he casts his eye up the mountain side from the valley below, sees half a dozen buts elinging to the rock-here is a Swiss village. With the village comes the commune, a kind of social compact not well understood outside of Switzerland. The integer of Swiss political society is not the individual, nor the family, but the commune, A commune is a village or small tract of country, the people of which own lands in common, and make laws, and exercise all the fonetions of a State. In the Canton of Genevathere are forty-four communes, and in the others there are more or less according to communes are in some respects like our Shaker communities; the lands are held in common, and often there are large funds place. They serve two years at least, and progress of this remarkable people in ag- | the rule and the law. The mayor of a comriculture, aris, manufactures, etc. The munc has despotic authority; be is father in the general supervision of his affairs. spacious rooms of the exhibition building and ruler, and nothing can be done with-She made several improvements for his were filled with the products of Swiss in- out his consent. Not a maiden can wed god; she wished she could stay all the dustry and skill. In textile fabrics the without asking his leave; not a school-boy time and see to things. If he would star | display was not large, but in agricultural | can leave or enter school without his perat home the next day and attend to the implements, dairy apparatus, vehicles, mission. He says who may come into their house and Bridget, she would come next furniture, clocks, watches, engineering village, and who must leave; he sees that morning and finish what she had begun. tools, and particularly in wood carrings, it children walk straight home from school, Whoever could touch effectually Mr. Lit- was very rich. It was curious to observe and that their mothers cause them to be honest and industrious. The mayor and him at their will. He was ambitious, and cultar wants of the people. The tools need- council sea that no paupers grow up among aux ous to go to Congress, and Judge Berg. ed to subdue a rough rountry must be libert; all drunkards, sluggards, and fools amen could help him, nor did be wish to heavy and durable; elegance of form and must leave. They call such before them, offeed bim; and Fanny was his only finish must give way to strength and dura- give them a sum of money, and order them daughter and would inheritall his great bility. The wagons were ponderous and to trudge, and they dare not disobey. One wealth. He read his wife's letter, saw the strong, the harnesses contained three times is not feed to locate, and gain a residence charges she had made in the store, and as much leather as is found in those made in Switzerland. The communal mayor came home that night not knowing how be by us; the tubs, pails, and cooking upon may order any one to leave and assign no reason for the act. There is much regarding this kind of paternal government which is cariou and interesting, but we must pass along. The houses of the Switzers look picturesque as seen in engraving and photographs, but they are really gloomy and uninviting. Toere is a singular incongruity in entering such dwellings in such a country and climate. The projecting roofs and gables, and the arrangement of door and windows, would serve a better purpose in Southern Italy than in the dark valleys of Switzerland. The actual home comforts cannot be large in number; at least, it would seem not, judging from our standpoint. The Swiss are a dirty people, and as regards morals, they cannot occupy a very high position. The mountain men and women say but little; they seem to be appressed with the gloom which overspreads their valleys two thirds of the time, and the constant dangers and perils to produce habits of cheerfulness. Education in Switzerland is fostered, and perhaps in no country in Europe are there so few people who cannot read and write as inthe valleys of the Alps .- Journal of Chem-

woodehopper on Storm King mountain at Cornwall, N. Y., encountered a rattlesnake, recently, and wanting one for a friend who had rheumatism and who believed that souke grease is a cure for it, he chased the snake, which took refuge in a wood pile. Hulse seized him by the back of the neck, but so far from the head that it contrived to turn and plant one of its fangs in the index fluger of his right hand. Hulse held first to his snake, nevertheless stamped his head. hand. Hulse held first to his snake, nevertheless, stamped his bead off, and then spent half an hour in looking for white ash leaves, which are believed to be an antidote for the poison. He found none to suit him, however, and started for Cornwall. He was bitten at 7, and it was II o'clock before he reached the village, and Dr. Beattle was summoned. At this time the arm and finger were very much swollen and very gangrenous, the action of the heart had almost ceased, and the man seemed like one in a state of intoxication. Dr. Beattle has tily cut the finger open, and saministered two quarts of whisky in 20 minutes; hadannou and quinine were also given in large two quarts of whisky in 20 minutes; hud-anno and quinine were also given in large quantities, and notwithstanding the loss of furce half-pints of blood from the finger, the pulse increased, and Hulse became thoroughly conscious. He is after 11 days, in apparently good health, with an excel-lent appetite, but as black as an African, The black is occasionally streaked with blu THE SHAH OF PERSIA .- The lewels of

the Simh have quite surpassed the reports

of their size and value which preceeded

their owner's arrival. The Treasury of Persia, we all know, was rich, to an incredible richness, with accumulated wealth of of Light," (now in the possession of the Queen of England, once Runjeet Sing, the Lion of Labore's greatest glory,) stuck in front of a man's word-belt, and five diamonds, each larger than that jewel of jewels, en echelon up his cost from waist to shoulder. These stones are scarcely cut, and do not show as they ought, but they are of surpassing purity. The Shah's sword-belt is a treasure-house within itself. The sheath is studded with rubies, emeralds, sheath is studded with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, which shame their setting of purest gold. The front of his coat is garnished with rows of brilliants instead of lace. The collar and sleeves are crusted with them, and his orders are of the most precious jewels. His spurs fla h like sunbeams. All this on the person of a man who has nothing noble in mein or face, although he is above the average heighth of the Indiam Mussulman noblesse.

But in spile of his jewels and external splender the Shah-in-Shah is, according to European notions, a savage in many resplendor the Shah-in-Shah is, according to European notions, a savage in many respects—proud, wilful, sansual, and arbitrary. If punctuality be "the politicness of princes," as it is said to be, the Shah would, in consequence of his utter indifference to engagements, be one of the most ill mannered men in the world. He kept the parade at Potsdam, ordered by the Kaiser, waiting a couple of hours. He kept the Queen for half an hour at the railway station walting for him. He would not go to breakfast when it was announced, at the time of invitation, but walked about in the breakfast when it was announced, at the time of invitation, but walked about in the garden, and thea, seeing an arbor which pleased him, desired to have his breakfast brought there. When he sat at dinner yesterday he put his fingers in his plate and ate with them, and if he came on a piece of some dish which he did not like, he took it out of his mouth and threw it down—not on the ground, but on the Queen's (Empress') dress. If free from the more borrid vices attributed to Persians by travellers, he is quite without shame or scrupte in his

haps he is not long alone. A second adven- THE WESTERN HOME OF THE PRESIDENT

A correspondent of the Toledo Blade gossips thus of the Western home of the President: The homes of great men have more than local interest. Stratford-upon-Avon is linked with Shakespeare's name; the readers of Walter Scott desire to visit Abbotsford; while Mount Vernon is ballowed by the memories of Washington, About five miles southwest of St. Louis, on a smooth turnpike is Wishton-Wish, the hrage of General Grant. Here is the President's little farm of six hundred and sixty-six serrs. On a hillside sloping to the south and west is a somewhat inferior looking two-story five-room frame house, with goodly porch to protect from the Southern sun. When first built this was one of the few frame houses outside of the city. The sawmill had not then been "moved out house were the axe, batchet, hammer, from and drawing-knife, white eight-by-ten window glass were the most palatial then manufactured. Near by are distinguishable the remains of an old "trace," or Spanish road, planted with black locusts that have evidently been growing for about fifty years. Such is the Deat homestead of former times, then called White Haven by its owners. At this place, twenty-five years and two months ago, there was a wedding. The groom was U.S. Grant, a young officer from Jefferson Barracks, the military post of St. Louis; the bride was Miss Julia B. Dent; and we presume these old locusts. if they could talk, might reveal the secrets

of a soldier's courtship. Soon after the marriage Grant resigned, and General Dent gave the young couple eighty acres of timber land. Here they built a small house, which was soon abandooed for the larger bouse of General Deut. If Grant was not a success as a farmer, he certainly was as a chopper. Here he exsibited the same persistence and vigor which have made him the military hero of our age. As in the army, so here he did thorough work; for where he cleared off the land no rough, knotty oaks are left standing as an evidence of laziness in the workman. It is related of Grant that he here chopped for six consecutive weeks, and didn't lose a day; pilled and seasoned the wood, and hauled it into the city at five dollars a load. William Elrood, a cousin of Grant's, has had charge of the farm for the past six years, and is fast bringing it up from the decay into which it bad fallen during the war. Mr. Elrood is one of those honest-hearted whole-souled men whose very presence is a source of pleasure. He has been known to remark that there was "some good cider in the bouse;" but his nature didn't permit blm to stop talking after be had made the remark until he had put on another very gratifying thought expressed in this way; "I'd like you to come in and try some." He kindly showed us the fine stock of which the President is such an admirer. There were about forty borses and as many cattle, a few sheep, and much

The famous Holstein cattle recently imported from Europe are the most admired. A band of white engireles their body between the fore and hind quarters. With this exception they are jet black. The vineyard of three and a half acres contains seventeen choice varieties of native and foreign grapes. A fine new stone mausion is now going up, but the President when at his farm lately, intimated that he should probably not make his home there permaneatly in the future. A branch of the Pacific Railroad passes through the farm, and stops its trains at the unromantle name of "Grant Station." Before the war Grant had left his home to become an answere ful real estate dealer in St. Louis, In 1855-7 be was an unsuccessful office-seeker. PURSUIT OF RATTLESNAKE'S GREASE He wanted to be county engineer, but, un-UNDER DIFFICULTIES,-Joseph Hulse, a fortunately, he escaped that great merey, as the infallble county court deemed a rival competitor better fitted for the position, Grant might take Richmond, preserve the Republic, and with honor fill the chair at Washington, but in those days the civil engineer of St. Louis County had to be made of sterner stuff.

SAVINGS, FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

"If you trust a man let him be a bachel-

"I'm not denyin' the women are foolish God A'mighty made them to match the men. "It's allays the way wi' them meeked-

faced people. You may's well pelt a bag o' feathers as talk to 'em," "I've nothing to say again' Craig; on'y it's a pity be couldna be hatched o'er again,

and batched different." "Folks as have no mind to be o' use have allays the luck to be out o' the road when there's anything to be done,'

"It's them as take advantage as git advantage i' this world, I think. Folks have to wait long enough afore its brought to 'em." "Poor relations are undeniably irritating.

-their existence is so entirely uncalled for

on our part, and they are almost always very faulty people." "Some folks' tongues are like the clock as run on strikin', but not to tell you the

mat wrong I' their own inside." "It's the flesh and blood folks are made on as makes the differences. Some cheese are made o' skimmed milk, and some o' new milk; and its no matter what way you call 'em, you may tell which is which

by the look and the smell, "The commonest man, who has his ounce of sense or feeling, is conscious of the difference between a lively, delicate woman and a coarse one. Even a dog feels a difference in their presence. The man may be no better able than the dog to explain the influence the more refined beauty has

on him, but he feels it." "It drives me past patience that many of the men-always wanting and wanting, and never easy with what they've got : they can't sit comfortable in their chairs when they've neither ache nor pain, but either they must stick a pipe in their mouths, to make 'em better than well, or else they must be swallowing something strong, though they're forced to make haste before

the next meal comes on." "It's all very fine baving a ready-made rich man, but may-happen he'll be a readymade fool, and it's no use filling your pockets full o' money, if you've got a hole in the corner. It'll do you no good to sit in a spring cart of your own, if you've got a soft to drive you; he'll soon turn you out into the ditch. I allays said I'd never marry a man as had got no brains; for where's the use of a woman having brains of her own if she's tackled to a geck as everybody's laughing at? She might as wall dress burself fine to sit back'ards on a don-

he is quite without shame or scruple in his disregard of what is called morality by -A patient Iowa phonographer has written the Songs of Solomon-nearly 3,000 words-on a postal card,